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VOL. XXIV.

No. VIII.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manu, nobis laudisque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SCHOLAE, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1859.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT COLLEGE BOOKSTORE, 155 DIVINITY COLLEGE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLIX.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIV.

JULY, 1859.

No. VIII.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

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College Magazines.

"1. THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

2. THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Both these magazines are creditable to the taste and talent of the young men who conduct them; but after a perfectly impartial examination of the contents of several issues, we do not hesitate to give the preference to the *Virginia Monthly*."—*Russell's Magazine*.

"*The Yale Literary Magazine*.—The first number we received of this famed journal disappointed us. The typographical execution, to be sure, was first rate, but the intellectual did not seem to us to be correspondingly equal, while there were so many screws loose in the moral machinery of the work, that it seemed to be most lamentably out of joint."—*Oberlin Students' Monthly*.

IN the perusal of our exchanges, we meet, from time to time, with criticisms upon this Magazine, from among which the two above are taken. We have placed them at the head of this article, not because it is our intention to refer to them especially, but because they cannot fail to suggest to readers questions concerning the true objects, the character, and prosperity of all College Magazines, and particularly of the *Yale Literary*.

VOL. XXIV.

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The first question is, *What is the proper object of a College Magazine?* A College Magazine is conducted by students. We assume, therefore, that it should be so conducted as to be of *peculiar interest and worth to students*. We would deem ourselves perfectly safe in this assumption, had we never seen a College Magazine. But when we take up one after another of our exchanges, and find nothing but the title, and a few remarks in the Editor's Table, perhaps, to indicate that they are College Magazines, we infer that the Editors of a majority of them, would question the truth of our assumption. The fact is, our College periodicals are not peculiarly interesting to students. They are, as a general thing, poor attempts to imitate the popular publications of the day. The subjects are as varied and as general, as though the articles were intended for a nation of readers. Now, we contend, such a course is not only subversive of the true objects of such periodicals, but is injurious to their prosperity. Students, through college pride, may be willing sometimes to support a College Magazine, for which, intrinsically, they do not care. The outside world can have no motive to support it, save the ability which it manifests. The ability with which a Magazine must be conducted to secure the least degree of support and respect, (side by side with the *Atlantic*, and *Harper's*), cannot be attained unto by students. True, we often see very favorable notices of College Magazines in other periodicals. But lurking in them all is the idea that they are creditable, because conducted by young and inexperienced writers. The dubious praise given is expressed by, "Pretty good for small boys." It is folly to suppose that in the general departments of science, religion, politics and literature, a magazine conducted by students, whose leisure time can only be devoted to it, whose minds are not yet fully developed, and whose advantages for such a work are small, can compete with publications conducted by the highest talent in the land.

If, then, a College Magazine cannot look outside of College for support, it must look within. And if it desires the support of students, it must be of interest and worth to them. Here a second question presents itself, "*How can a College Magazine be made of peculiar interest and worth to students?*" Are there any circumstances in College life which make a definite class of subjects interesting to students? or, shall the subjects be of any class whatever? Our magazines are for the most part filled with articles on "Peter the Hermit," "Hugh Miller," "Mexico and the Protectorate," "Jesuits and Jesuitism," "Machiavelli," "Phrenology," and the like. Students

are not fitted to write on such subjects. They may be interested in them, and may desire to make themselves acquainted with them; but, if this is the case, they will not go for instruction to the productions of their college-mates, when they can go as easily to Gibbon, D'Aubigné, Combe and Adams. They will, and ought to, seek for mental nourishment where they can obtain the greatest benefit.

"But," some one may say, "Must a student be prohibited from writing on subjects upon which others can write better! Will not this principle prevent all effort on the part of students?" To the first question we answer, Yes! Students, as well as everybody else, should endeavor to improve their thoughts and expressions, by constant practice in composition. But it is neither necessary nor proper to parade their efforts before four or five hundred readers, who rightly demand that, if they are called upon to support a Magazine, their pleasure and their benefit should be somewhat regarded. Now, if there were none but general subjects to discuss, students would be brought to the alternative of having either a poor Magazine, or none at all.

But every College, at least every one capable of supporting a Magazine, must afford a variety of local subjects which engross the attention of every student. It is this fact that enables us to give, in answer to the second interrogatory of our objector, a decided, "No!" There are many things upon which a student, better than any one else, is fitted to write. These are the histories, the incidents, the privileges, the wants, the pleasures, the contests, of a student's life. Those without the College world, are not acquainted with these things, and feel no interest in them; a student knows and *feels* them. He lives in them; is affected by them; they are often in his thoughts. He can express his thoughts with earnestness and force, since he feels their reality.

Let students support and write for a College Magazine. But when they can write on local subjects, which can be discussed in nothing but a College Magazine, in which all students feel an interest, by which they can more easily evince their literary ability, and which will give prosperity to their Magazine, there is no necessity or propriety in their writing on subjects which they are not capable of handling. Witty and humorous articles are always desirable, but they must be original and new. Copied wit and stale "loads" are as bad as those profound, (?) metaphysical, and political articles which sometimes appear in our Magazines, whose ideas, if you can discover them, you will find are borrowed. If a College Magazine is intended to express the senti-

ments of students, let it express it, not on every subject under the sun from the "Unity of the human race" to the "War in Europe," and "Woman's Rights," but on "matters and things" connected with Colleges, upon which the sentiments of students are valuable. Contributors and Editors should exercise their own judgement as to what will make a Magazine of peculiar interest to students. Circumstances will alter the wants of subscribers. But in general, we claim the prosperity of the Magazine, and the pleasure of its readers, require that a majority of its articles should be *local* in their character.

Most of our Colleges Magazines are "devoted," according to their professions, "to Literature." The Harvard Magazine, "claims only to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the students of Harvard College." The students of Harvard College may have brighter thoughts and livelier feelings than the average of the Teutonic race, but if their Magazine is what it "claims" to be, we should not infer it. The "thoughts and feelings" of two of these students have lately been exercised on the subject of Woman's Rights. It must be one of great and peculiar importance to Harvard students. The Editors of this Magazine are devoted to dreaming on the prosperity of their Maga. in the year A.D. 1959, when all College Magazines in the country shall have been absorbed into it, and a magnificent marble building shall indicate its "house of publication." These dreams are probably suggested by their great contrast, to the present condition of this Magazine, which, together with its past history, make it altogether more probable that it is "devoted" to final oblivion.

The Virginia University Magazine is on our table. Its "character is literary." It is maintained "for the purpose of training the students in the art of composition." It fulfills its purpose well. Of all our College exchanges this contains the most matter, and evinces, in our opinion, the highest literary excellence and ability. We are not surprised at the criticism of Russell's Magazine. In the number before us, there is a review of the "Courtship of Miles Standish"—a better one than we have seen in any College periodical. But we have seen other reviews, in which we place greater confidence and which we should prefer to read.

The article on "Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea," is very creditable to a young student. There are in addition a metaphysical dissertation on "Genius," and two love stories, whose authors after considerable "training" may write stories which will be generally readable. The Virginia University Magazine, (excepting its Editor's

Table), is not a model for a College periodical. It is very similar to Harpers' Monthly. But it can never expect to compete for popular support with the "American Journal of Science," or "Harpers' Monthly," or the "Southern Quarterly Review," or *even* with Russell's Magazine.

The "Oberlin Student's Monthly" is "devoted to Religion, Politics and Literature." It complains of the "intellectual execution" of the Yale "Lit." This is a rather original expression, but we believe we understand the idea it is meant to convey.

The "Lit." does not boast of its literary excellence; but as the Oberlin *Students' (?) Monthly* seems inclined to glory, we remind its Editors that it is conducted, not by the *students* of Oberlin, but by the *faculty*, the *graduates*, and the students, of that institution. Were the "New Englander" (a periodical conducted by the faculty and graduates of Yale), united with the "American Journal of Science" (edited by professors of Yale), and with the Yale Literary Magazine (conducted by the students of Yale), there would be a Magazine to which the Oberlin *students' (?) Monthly* might compare itself, if it had the hardihood.

But there are "sq many screws loose in the moral machinery of the work." The "Lit." is not "devoted" to the discussion of religious and moral subjects; nevertheless we had always supposed that its influence was on the side of right. But the general tenor of the "Oberlin Monthly," leads us to suspect that it regards slavery as the "ne plus ultra" of immoralities. Perhaps, then, it refers, in what it has said, to the fact that we do not use our immense circulation among the slaveholders of the South, as a means of eradicating "this great sin." We must say that the "Oberlin Monthly" is doing its duty in this respect. Long editorials on the "Dred Scott Decision," "Popular Sovereignty," and "Stephen A. Douglas"—a rehash of what has been in the country papers for the past year or two—occupy its pages. But we are happy to admit that such "screws" are not required to support the "moral machinery" of this work. We hope that that spirit which slights and condemns Longfellow's Poetry, (because, once upon a time, he allowed a copy of his poems to be published, without those on slavery), and then turns with savage glee to those lines of Whittier, expressive of so much brotherly love,

"Rail on, then! 'brethren of the south?'"

that such a spirit will never be breathed in the columns of the Yale Literary Magazine. Perhaps the peculiar education of the Oberlinites,

requires such a course on the part of their Magazine. If so, it is pursuing a proper course, but we not admire such education.

The Yale Literary Magazine has existed twenty-four years. We stepped over into the Library the other day, to gather what we could from the back numbers of the "Lit." concerning past events in the history of Yale. We examined several of the early numbers. Not a single article did we find on a local subject—not the record of a single college event. The articles may have been profound,—the tales, of which there was quite a number, may have been pretty; we did not stop to read them; we did not feel sufficient interest. More recently however, its character has gradually been changing. In 1851, the "*Memorabilia Yalensia*," were first commenced. The articles since then have been more and more local and interesting. For many years past the "Lit." has not paid for itself. In 1857 and 1859, however, it covered its own expenses. And during these two years, especially during the latter, the "Lit." was peculiarly "local." The history of our Magazine proves, what we have been attempting to argue; that a College Magazine must be *local* in its character in order to interest students.

A third and more particular question presents itself, here. *How can the Yale Literary Magazine be made of peculiar interest and worth to students of Yale College?* What subjects of local interest does Yale College present? Yale, peculiarly, is a world by itself. With its six hundred students, it finds in itself the elements of an independent community. Of this community the Yale Literary Magazine should be the organ; not to communicate to it the events which are taking place in both hemispheres, not to discuss the principles and the laws which govern the human race and those which guide the motions of the stars, not to denounce the evils of intemperance, slavery and polygamy, Romanism, Paganism and Abolitionism, (for all this is ably done by periodicals devoted to these special topics, to which every student can have access); but to discuss the laws which govern the students of Yale, the principles which lie at the basis of its society, the usefulness of its special society organizations, the customs, handed down from the past, the events occurring in college history. These are common topics of conversation. Every one is interested in them. But, at the same time, there is every variety of opinion on these subjects. If College sentiment is to be expressed in the "Lit." it must contradict itself. Now, this will only make the "Lit." more spicy and interesting. The "Lit." belongs to the students of Yale College.

The Editors cannot make it merely the organ of their personal views, but must give an opportunity to all. Let us, then, have discussions on Secresy and Anti-Secresy, on the quarrels of societies, on the expediency of having Foot Ball games, Initiations, Burials of Euclid, Pow-wows, Pic-nics, Statement of Facts Rushes, and Tutors after Freshman Year. Let us have criticisms on the literature of College. Prize Debates, Commencements, Junior Exhibitions, the articles in the "Lit.," all afford abundant room. But let it be done through the columns of the "Lit." in an open and honorable manner, and with a kind and generous spirit.

By this means we claim that the Yale "Lit." will be better supported; that it will be made more useful in stirring up active thoughts and noble feelings; and that at the same time, it will be made the best index of literary excellence in Yale College. We do not wish to make the "training of students in the art of composition," the chief end of this Magazine, for then, since those who need the training the most should have it the most, the "Lit." would become nothing but a receptacle of Sophomoric compositions. We do not wish to drive away the life and energies of the Magazine by making it merely the means of displaying our cleverness to the outside world. We do not wish to fill the "Lit." with articles on subjects historical, ethical, aesthetical, political, biographical, philological, philosophical, astronomical, geological, physiological, and psychological, in order to show our friends "How smart we are," or to proclaim to the world in the emphatic language of the pompous countryman, "We've travelled, we have!"

Let us remember that we shall soon go forth into the world, where it will be our duty, amid its conflicts and trials, to battle for the right, for the interests of humanity, for our country and our God! Let us remember also that we are now in a little world, where, if we can do nothing else, we can begin to prepare ourselves for a life in which we may be able to do more. We, as students, cannot civilize Africa, or reform the world. But, from our intimacy with the course of College life, we can judge what is right and what is wrong, what is useful to us and what is harmful, what is pleasant to us and what is unpleasant. We wish that the Yale Literary Magazine should be the means of expressing manly sentiments, and earnest convictions on College topics. Let us have as much genuine wit and humor as possible, for students especially need amusements. Let us learn, also, by speaking our thoughts, to improve our advantages, esteem our privileges, defend

our rights, preserve our pleasures and increase our joys. As the emigrant in the far West delights to read the humble paper, which tells him of the events that occur in the quiet village of the east which he has left; as the lone missionary in a foreign land, loves to receive the newspapers that bring to him glad tidings from the land of his fathers, so let the sons of Yale, when they can no longer sit under the old elms of their Alma Mater, yet be enabled to take up the Yale "Lit." and rejoice to find upon its pages a true picture of student life.

W. C. J.

---

### A Legend of Quinnipiac.

Long years ago,  
The Indian's track  
Wound the woodlands thro'  
Of Quinnipiac,  
And the moccasined tread frightened the red deer back.

Loud the ocean surf,  
Whitened by the shock,  
Broke, in boisterous mirth,  
On yon sullen rock  
Whose rugged front yet stands, the far-driven bay to mock.

By the broken shore  
Lies a wounded brave,  
Tinging with his gore  
The in-rolling wave.  
His war plume floating dark the chilly waters lave.

An Indian maiden bright,  
From the forest cover  
Comes with footstep light  
Here to meet her lover—  
Dumb with grief now kneels his dying features over.

Twangs a coward bow,  
Wings a fatal arrow—  
Swift, from lurking foe,  
Speeds release from sorrow.  
She must never feel the lone grief of to-morrow.

Her fond heart denies  
No bitterness of woe,  
Yet with joy she dies,  
With her brave to go,  
To those far spirit-lands of blest Manitou.

Lovingly upon them  
Looked the Manitou—  
Bade the breezes o'er them  
Ever gently blow—  
Bade the river hld them in its placid flow.

Then from wood and bushes  
Floated many a leaf,  
And of tall green rushes  
Drifted many a sheaf,  
Thus the river buried Indian maid and chief.

Slowly from that rock-coast  
Ever the sea retires,  
Till where briny waves tossed,  
White men build their fires,  
And o'er the Indian's grave now rise a city's spires.

---

Shanghae suggests that the following is more truthful:

Some stupid geologic dunce  
Will take you up East Rock,  
(A rough and tumble kind of spot,)  
And tell how once the ocean surged  
And splurged  
Against its base—  
And that all this sand-flat place  
Is but the refuse mass of sand,  
The rivers brought here second hand.

A story rather hard to swallow—  
Only the water is so shallow,  
And the rivers are so dirty,  
No wonder it is muddy,  
Where they stop.

C. H. O.

### Mlle. Psillinini's Concert.

It was early in the evening of June 13th, 185—, when I administered a thundering blow to the “pearly portals” of No. 526 North Middle College, sixth floor, south entry, front middle room.

Echo answered—“Come in.”

I did go in with the intention of inquiring after the health of the occupants, but my benevolent design was frustrated, for my *vox faucibus hæsit* at the spectacle which presented itself.

My thumbs involuntarily sought the arm holes of my vest, and quietly entering I closed the door with my back.

Will ——— was sitting on a trunk stropping a razor, while his chum daintily manipulated the lenses of an opera glass. Two pairs of “patent leathers” of excruciating size illumined the corner. A piratical “choker” stood upon the polished scaffold of a shirt-bosom, calmly awaiting its doom, and a cane, with a foot for a handle, gracefully reclined its “limb” upon the arm of a neighboring chair.

“Say, needy knife-grinder, whither art thou going ?

Your hat has a hole in it, so have your—”

“Concert!” Will shouted, before I could finish the quotation, while his chum gracefully kicked a handbill in my direction. The following is a copy thereof:

### GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!

First and Last Appearance of

### M'LE PSILLININI!

*Assisted by the following celebrated Artists:*

**KRAZI SCHREEKER,**

Tenor.

**MONS. BELLY,**

Basso Profundo.

*with the intoxicating and bewitching Contralto,*

**M'LE AURORA D'ARNITALL!**

**HERR PHINGERS**

*Will preside at the Piano Forte.*

**Givum Fitz, Musical Director.**

Concert to commence at 7 1/2. Doors open  
at 8 o'clock.

The last sentence in the bill was completed as I was descending at

a flying leap the six remaining steps of the first flight of stairs, for the announcement of the Prima Donna alone had caused me to decide to go.

A student will easily comprehend how I managed to get ready in twenty minutes, and now behold me safely seated in the magnificent hall of the "Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn Society."

A gentle breeze of brushing silks and fluttering fans sweeps through the hall, followed by a pattering shower of diminutive conversation—

"Yáas, wery fine hall, awlmost equal to the Lyceum at Bergamo. Aw had the pleashaw of hearing Donizetti's Don Pasquale there—Aw was quite pleased with it."

And the young m——man affectionately cherished his upper lip with the tips of his immaculate rat-skins.

"—Said they called 'em the '*Blues*' because they felt so "down in the mouth" at being compelled to parade in their *Bear-skins*."

"I think"—rustle rustle,—"*Carlyle*"—rustle—"Emerson—"

(*Feminine voice*)—"Mr. Green." "George."

"Oh! Ah, excuse me: I'm all ears."

He appeared so.

—Just then an animated besom swept my hat down the aisle. I sprang to rescue it, when my eye fell (literally) upon the extremity of the gentleman's cane, as he stepped back to admit his charge to her seat. I thought at first that the stick had pierced the *cornea*, destroyed the *chrySTALLINE lens* and reached the *pigmentum nigrum*, but my sight was spared sufficiently to enable me to see the gentleman's heel planted within my beloved beaver.

QUERY—Why *do* people carry canes to concerts? Is it to support their own dignity or to destroy that of others?

My meditations upon this theme were interrupted by my observing the gentleman in question blindly pounding the floor with the odious cane, to the imminent risk of his neighbors' feet. His example appeared contagious, and many, in default of a stick, brought their feet in violent contact with the boards. I followed the range of a battery of lorgnettes and espied a small female backing down the stage at a very obtuse angle.

*It was Mlle Psillinini.*

—She sang with remarkable compass of voice and rare artistic execution. The young man in yellow kids said that it was "dem foine." I suppose it was. I am vulgar enough to like sweet music.

When the noise had subsided, Herr Phingers *executed* a piece upon the piano forte.

It was an ideal piece, according to the programme, commencing with a drinking song and ending with *The Last Days of Pompeii*. After several severe blows, to see how much the instrument would endure, the main idea of the composition was dragged out by the (h)air. The *execution* would probably have gone on without disturbance, had not two individuals of *high note* commenced knocking each other down with *t(h)rilling* rapidity.

The attendant police force of tenor and base interfered, and the consequence was, a general riot. As might be expected, the aforesaid main idea escaped amid the confusion, and after a frantic pursuit through the length and breadth of the keyboard, Herr Phingers retired in despair. The applause was terrific, but whether it was because the audience were glad that he had finished, or because they had enjoyed the performance, I was unable to determine.

Time would fail me, to particularise to any extent among the exercises of this delightful hour. Suffice it to say, that I was extremely affected by the performances of Signor Tinklepaugh, who employs a violincello with a single string. His feats in the gymnastics of the gamut were almost incomprehensible. The efforts of Mons. Belly upon the opicleide were truly prodigious.

The Grand Finale bordered upon sublimity. The voluminous "cycles upon epicycles of diapason base," made the very walls to heave and totter like the ramparts of Jericho, while through the massive harmony breathed a gentle air, as soft and sweet as the hum of a mosquito's wing.

My beatific dream was disturbed by the movement of the audience preparatory to departure. Neglected opera cloaks were gathered gracefully over drooping shoulders. Silken basques, shrieked 'neath the friction of departing coat-sleeves. Sweet Miss —, bestowed a final smile upon happy Mr. —, and all moved toward the door. I stepped into the aisle and was borne along with the ebbing tide. A sweet gale of Patchouli and Musk saluted my olfactories. The extremity of a fractured hoop played vivaciously about my feet, and alternately, entranced by the angelic smile of Miss Ellen Bayne, and aroused by the seraphic "Get off my dress" of Miss Katy Darling, I reached the open canopy of heaven. But,

Wo to my dream of delight,  
In darkness, dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.

A gentleman mistaking my foot for a flagstone, confidently deposited one hundred and eighty pounds upon two square inches of it.

—I once performed a remarkably complicated saltatory exercise upon the platform of a car that was bumping over the sleepers at the top of a high embankment, but my feelings and performances then were *lethargic* compared with those which occupied the five minutes subsequent to the above-mentioned occurrence.

As I limped homeward my emotions were soothed through the so-called sympathy, in accordance with which our own sufferings are alleviated by the sight of other's woe.

A young plebeian having approached as near as possible to the object of his hopes and fears, addressed her as follows—

*Young P.*—"May I have the pleasure of your company to-night?"

*Object.*—No I thank you.

*Young P.*—"Perhaps you did not understand me. I asked you how your mother was."

—Just before he disappeared upon the shady side of the street, he drew a wicker-cradled flask from his bosom, and having kissed its "poor dumb mouth" with affectionate fervor, he restored the receptacle to the neighborhood of its former contents.—

Of course it was the lame foot with which I stumbled as I mounted the forty-eighth step in the stairways, which are expected to supply the place of a gymnasium to the students of Yale. Before I could select an appropriate interjection, some itinerant philosophers beneath the window struck up the consolatory couplet,

"What can't be cured,  
Must be endured."

With my whole soul I responded—"UGH!"

### Newspapers in the time of Cicero.

Perhaps no one was ever better pleased than your humble servant, upon receipt of package, per express, direct from Rome. The most valuable of its contents was a curiosity which has excited the wonder of all who have seen it, and has made the possessor an object of envy. This is nothing more nor less than a real newspaper published in Rome, a little before its establishment as an empire. My friend in Rome writes me, that it was by mere accident that he stumbled upon it, and

that its value, happily, was unknown to its possessor. He says:—  
 . . . “Jim and I were making a regular circuit of the city, and were also intending to ride down to *Tevere*. We had forgotten to take any thing to eat, and finally concluded to stop at one of the groceries on the *Il Corso*, and purchase a Bologna sausage. As the weather was warm, and I was to carry it in my coat-tail pocket, for both of my hands were employed in managing my mule, I asked for a piece of paper to wrap it in;” (the statement of my friend is confirmed by a grease-spot on the paper, twelve inches long, and six wide) “the shop girl handed me out a stiff piece of paper, or what appeared to be such, covered with characters somewhat familiar to me. But I could not stop to examine them. I kept the paper, however, and when I reached home, I went into a critical survey of its contents. You can see for yourself what was the result. I send it to you, partly, because it will interest you, and partly, to secure it; for were it known in the city that I possessed it, my life would not be safe for a single day, unless I gave it up: and should I do so, it would be left to grow dusty and moulder in some niche of the Vatican.” It is then my purpose to share a part of my pleasure with the readers of the *Lit*.

The newspaper is written in Roman characters, of course, on coarse papyrus. It is about half as large as one of the New Haven papers, but contains twice as much matter, so finely has it been inscribed. I have been obliged in some places to employ a microscope. The title of the sheet, printed (with a pen,) in *German Text*, is, “*Romæ Novi*,” which, we suppose, means, “Rome News.” The date is somewhat obscure, owing to the aforementioned grease-spot; from appearances it was evidently published in the latter part of the year 709 A. U. C. It was a conservative sheet, we should suppose, judging from the fact that there is no leader on politics, although party strife was at the time running high: from the report of the doings in the Senate, we are induced to believe that there were two parties similar in name, if not in principles, to the Whigs and Tories of England, of which the former were in the ascendant, and so bitter was their partizan spirit that even their appointments of sergeants-at-arms were governed by their prejudices, for, as it seems, there had been some disturbance in the Senate-House, and the Whigs carried the day by the interference of the lick-tories (*lictiores*).

From the chapter of accidents, we find that the Romans were about as unfortunate as we are at the present day. “A horse attached to a milk-wagon (*lactiferus currus*) ran away (*cucurrit unam viam*) yesterday on the *Via Appia*, and the elements of the contents of the cans

immediately found their affinities; the water making a bee line (*faciens apīs lineam*) for the Tiber; but it's no use to cry for spilt milk: (*lac effundum non deplorandum est*)."

Another. "Mary Tirenium (*Mare Tyrrhenum*), a domestic in the house of Peter Crassus (*P. Crassi domo*), was badly burnt by spilling lighted gas over her clothes. A suit has already been entered against the Gas Company for using such a short meter, which, it is said, caused the accident.

Here is a specimen of advertising.

"Marcus Scipio Flaccus, Merchant Tailor, (*myrrha-cantus caudaut*), Numero duo, Via Sacra, has on hand (*manu*) a complete stock of new goods (*novorum bonorum*); heavy English pants (*gravis Britanicus palpitat*); Cashmere, (*argentum-solum*); an entire new lot (*novus totus ager*). This establishment was patronized by Julius Caesar. "A horse race (*equinus genus*) will take place (*capiet locum*) on the half mile track, which has just been prepared around the forum; betting is already very heavy (*sponsio gravis*). Johannes Smithum names b. m. Flora Temple, Guilielmus Jones names b. g. Corvus."

We should like to quote more extensively, but space will not permit.

The paper possesses a Poet's Corner, from which we select two samples. It is entirely anonymous, for a very good reason. Here is the first of the effusions.

"QUA CARMEN.

Itis aqua cur, hujus sed  
'Dixit, fori cum in  
Tu quis mi tum usque res haer—  
Eo habet ? Nare.' "

For the benefit of those whose proficiency in the Latin language is not sufficient to understand the above, we will translate it.

QUAKER MEN.

It is a Quaker, who just said,  
"Dick sit, for I come in  
To quiz my Thomas, cuirassier,  
He owe a bet ? Nary."

This is one verse of a long poem, and is a fair specimen of the sentiment of the whole.

Another runs thus :

"TU AN EGO AT.

An an ago at is vere fin,—  
Is sum onerabunt  
E noctem flat, an acri cum,  
Forit is non qui te desunt."

## TO AN HE-GOAT.

A nanny goat is very fine,  
Is some on 'ary bunt,  
He knocked 'em flat, and a cry come,  
For it is not quite decent.

We are surprised, as we read these lines, at the extent of civilization among the Romans.

Even in this stage of the world's progress we seldom meet much better poetry in our popular newspaper literature.

But that to which we would particularly call attention, is a criticism on a work used as a text book in College; it will interest, of course, those especially who have just studied it, but we hope that our younger friends may find in it something interesting, in anticipation of its perusal in Junior year. Should they fail to do so, we can only console them by recommending Jack the Giant Killer, as a substitute.

The article in question, is a review of Cicero on the Immortality of the Soul.

"Our attention has been called lately to a little work recently published, written by an author, whose vivid imagination, and the beautiful style with which it is clothed, has already won for him, that reputation which he justly deserves.

It is called the Immortality of the Soul; but whether this title is intended as an advertisement of some shoemaker, whose soles though tanned, do not possess any dyeing qualities, or not, our superficial reading has not enabled us to determine. It is written in the dialectic form and as a book for school-dialogues, we have seldom seen it equalled; for colloquies of any length, can be taken from any part of it, without destroying the connection.

The two principal characters in this drama are denoted by M. and A., which probably stand for Moses and Aaron. The dialogue is very vivacious and interesting. The plot is as follows: Aaron says the dead are miserable. Moses says they are not. Aaron insists upon the truth of his first assertion. Moses denies the allegation. Aaron reiterates the fact of the dead being miserable. Moses repeats his contradiction. The following lively passages are found in the work.

Aaron.—'I say the dead are miserable.'

Moses.—'I say they ain't.'

The conversation is varied by such expressions as these:

Aaron.—'I say the dead are miserable.'

Moses.—'I say they ain't.'

At length a compromise is effected, and Moses allows Aaron to think that the dead are miserable, on condition that the latter will permit Moses to hold to the opinion that they are not.

Mr. Cicero, to whom, perhaps, you have already guessed, the literary world is indebted for this treatise, has, we think, done himself justice in this work. He has already put forth several productions which have wound the laurel around his head. His work, *De Officiis* is most valuable, to office seekers at the capitol, and to Post Masters. In another sense, Custom House officers will find it worth their perusal, for, as will be readily seen, it is a work on *duties*. Mr. C. is now at an advanced period of life, but still retains much of the vigor of youth, nowhere seen more plainly than in his writings.

In the latter part of the book is found the Dream of Scipio, or *istud Somnium*, (that particular dream,) as it has been called to distinguish it. Our readers, of course, will not suppose that because it is denominated *i-stud* somnium that Scipio necessarily had the night-mare. On the whole, although there may be a great many faults in this book, there are many laudable qualities.

The happy idea, in making Moses and Aaron the *dramatis personæ*, deserves special attention; as they were always known to have differences of opinion. In proof of this, I need only to mention the proposition that Aaron once made to Moses in regard to the amputation of their nasal organs; which was met by the objection on the part of Moses, that society had always regarded those appendages as both useful and ornamental, or to put it in vulgar poetry,

Said Aaron to Moses,

"Let's cut off our noses:"

Said Moses to Aaron,

"It's the fashion to wear 'em."

As a specimen of the *style*, but not the *subject matter* of the work, we subjoin the following discussion on a topic, which will be more interesting to all, than the one selected by Mr. Cicero.

#### ARE THE MARRIED MISERABLE?

Aaron.—To me, marriage seems to be an evil.

Moses.—What, to those who are already married, or those about to marry?

Aaron.—To both.

Moses.—It is a misery, then, because an evil?

Aaron.—Certainly.

Moses.—Then those who have already married, and those about to marry, are miserable?

Aaron.—So it appears to me.

Moses.—Do you not, when saying these things, dread the inexorable judges of Hymen and Cupid, in the shades below, where neither Rufus Choate nor Demosthenes can defend you? Perhaps you dread this Hades for married people, and therefore look on marriage as an eternal evil. Do you dread this?

Aaron.—Nary d-re(a)d.

Moses.—What do you say then?

Aaron.—I say, for instance, that Marcus Crassus is miserable, being deprived of his liberty by marriage. And so with Cneius Pompey. And now Moses, I think I have got you.

Moses.—Hold on, young Aaron, if you please, you are a very small boy to presume so much; wait, and I will rag you in a minute. Now, you say, that they are miserable before and after marriage, and when they die, are they miserable then?

Aaron.—Death is the *result* of marriage.

Moses.—Is it pleasant to die?

Aaron.—Yes, death is a pleasure to those who are married.

Moses.—Then as death is the result of marriage, and death is a pleasure; marriage produces pleasure, does it not?

Aaron.—Because you press me, I will not say that the married are miserable, absolutely.

Moses.—You do not say, then, 'Mr. Caudle is miserable,' but only 'miserable Mr. Caudle.'

Aaron.—Exactly so. &c., &c.

The above is sufficient. We can most heartily commend the work."

This is a part of the contents of this newspaper. It can be seen at anytime of the day or night, at the office of the Editors of the "Lit." Admission 25 cts.: the funds to go toward defraying the expenses of this Magazine.

We had about concluded our article, when, on turning the page of the newspaper, we beheld the following flaming advertisement, which we had not seen before.

"ROMANUS MERCURIUS

FORIS EST HODIE.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR scribit in Romano Mercurio!

Q. HORTENSIUS scribit in Romano Mercurio!!

ALII scribunt in Romano Mercurio!!!

Proprietor Romani Mercurii dat C. Julium Cæsarem 10,000 nummas emere sepulchrum Romuli Dominus Cæsar præbet unam epistolam, per hebdomade.

Robertus Melior."

E. G. H.

## THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

### John Calvin and the Influence of his Doctrines upon Civil Liberty.

BY ROBERT AUGUSTUS STILES, WOODFORD CO., KY.

#### ANALYSIS.

I. CALVIN.—Brief sketch of Calvin. Attachment to truth—his characteristic trait.

II. LIBERTY.—Religious origin of Modern Freedom. Three grand truths of Christianity have effected three important modifications of Liberty.

1. God is the *one* great sovereign. Freedom is a *Right*.
2. The *brotherhood* of man. Freedom is a *human* Right.
3. Freedom is but the *means* to man's highest development. Freedom is a *relative* Right—i. e. it must be regulated by capacity for self-direction and development.

III. THE INFLUENCE OF HIS SYSTEM UPON LIBERTY.

1. *Preparatory consideration*.—By the startling intensity of its doctrines, Calvinism breaks up intellectual apathy, the necessary condition of *Slavery*.
2. *Main proposition*.—Calvinism the nursing-mother of *our* Freedom, because the intensest expression of the three truths that originate, extend and regulate it.
  - a. By exalting God, Calvinism teaches the common subjection of men, and their consequent mutual independence.
  - b. By unvelling man, in the naked grandeur of his *structure*, Calvinism sweeps away the Slavery and the Liberty of *privilege* and introduces the Liberty of *Humanity*.
  - c. By vividly presenting the glory of God, in man's development, as the *ultimate* good, Calvinism evidently ranks Liberty as the *means* to this great end; it thus incorporates with Freedom, the regulating element of responsibility, and tends to adjust the rights of men to their capacities.
3. *Practical confirmations* of the argument.
  - a. History testifies to the uniform co-existence of Calvinism and Liberty.
  - b. Its republican form of Church Government, the connecting link, proving that the frequent co-existence, of Calvinism with Liberty, is more than fortuitous.

#### ORATION.

AMONG the benefactors of the race, the inspired writers are unquestionably entitled to our highest gratitude; next to these, the men of the Reformation. John Calvin stands at the head of this noble brotherhood.

This wonderful man gave early indications of exalted genius. While yet a student of law, he was several times appointed to lecture in the absence of the Professor, and was consulted concerning the divorce of Henry VIII, a question that had long baffled the maturest wisdom of Europe. At twenty-six he published his *Institutes*. But it is not the grandeur of capacity,—it is not the glory of achievement, we chiefly admire in Calvin. It is that trait most appropriate to a fallen rational being—consuming thirst for truth, and veneration for its authority. This is Calvin. His virtues and his errors are born here. This it was that inspired his soul, during that fiery ministry at Geneva, when, in the words of an eloquent biographer, his life was but a struggle with death. Though harrassed by a host of malignant foes and tortured by the pains of seven acute diseases, he lectured regularly every other day, and every alternate week preached daily,—discharged all the laborious duties of the Geneva Consistory,—received continual applications for counsel, as the head of the Reformed Church,—kept up a regular and very extensive correspondence—and yet, from time to time, went forth from his study, those volumes that have ranked, in the words of Scaliger, “*first* among theologians.” His all-engrossing love for truth, was the secret spring of this devouring energy of intellect. This it was that made him so fearless and unerring and thorough in reasoning, so noble in the simplicity of his life and the boundless generosity of his spirit, so lofty and serious and firm, in his whole character. He had given himself to God, and God had given to him a mission, to discover, declare and establish His truth. This grand conception inspired the majestic virtue, and nerved the iron will that controlled and overawed that legion of devils, let loose in Geneva. He felt the importance and the peril of his work, and here lies the germ of his intolerance. I know of nothing more grand or affecting in all history, than the contrast between Calvin’s treatment of his own and God’s enemies :—he forgave his personal foes ; he burned the enemies of the Lord. You will not wonder that his steadfast vision always rested on the face of God ; that the clouds about the throne never hid from his earnest gaze the face of Him that sat upon it. Luther might wrestle in an agony of doubt, the faith of stern John Knox might waver ; Calvin’s never did. His confidence and his consecration are beautifully expressed in his seal,—a human heart with the letters J. C. upon it—a hand giving it away to God. Here is his spirit—the sublimity of sacrifice—the grandeur of self-renunciation.

You say this is a very elevated, but a very bare uninviting picture. Yes! the mountain's brow is bald and bold and broken, yet men do not complain because its towering summit is not warm and clad with verdure like the little hills about it. You have looked too high. See! lower down,—lower down; the sunny slopes and waving groves are *there*. Just so with this man's character. We lift our eyes to that which raises him above us; we overlook what he has in common with us. If you ask for weakness, I cannot show it. If for those gentle and refining traits that beautify our nature, but have nothing moral in them; they are none of his. But if you pant for something you can love, for something human and tender, you may be more than satisfied. Look over his correspondence. See what numbers of consolatory letters. He could comfort others, though his own firm soul never faltered, for the lack of sympathy. In all his letters you will find the department of the heart, the family messages full and tender. Separated from his wife, in a time of pestilence, he writes to a friend, "She flits day and night, before my eyes, being, as she is, alone and comfortless and without support." Men loved to lean upon Calvin. Melancthon, when in trouble, cried,—“ Oh! if God would only let me lay my head on that dear bosom and die there.” Tell me; is this the cold and heartless scholar. Is this the stern and harsh Reformer? Think you a man would long to pillow his dying head upon a bosom that did not hold a sympathising heart? We confess these gentler virtues do not give a just conception of Calvin's character. No! they were like the veil that hid the shining face of Moses when he came down from the mount of God. The characteristic spirit of Calvin, the Calvin of history, was that quenchless, fervent fire that glowed and burned unceasingly, on God's altar at Geneva, till it consumed the sacrifice.

The system is the expression of the man. Depravity total, inability absolute, election sovereign, responsibility unceasing, punishment eternal—how vivid the picture of Calvin's burning mind and soul,—in grandeur and boldness of conception,—in the terrible intensity of each article of faith,—in the unflinching thoroughness of the entire creed; and more than all, what a monument of invincible attachment to truth.

This man and his system, what connection have they with Liberty? Liberty! you say, why, these extreme dogmas of sovereignty and dependence, strike at the very soul of Freedom. But what is Civil Liberty in our day? Are we not too frequent worshippers at the shrines of Greece and Rome; too much accustomed to trace the pa-

rentage of our Liberty to the warlike ages of the past? Modern Freedom is the child of the Reformation, born not of arms, but of argument,—not of the sword, but the word. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Luctetia,—these are not the birthplaces, not the nursing mothers of our Liberty. Conscience, the truth, the Lord!—her watchwords are these. She was born in the prison, on the scaffold, at the stake. In the glowing words of Bancroft, “Popular Liberty, which used to animate its friends, by appeals to the example of the ancient republics; now listens to a voice from the grave of Wycliffe, from the ashes of Huss, from the vigils of Calvin.”

The first great truth of Christianity is the just and absolute sovereignty of *one* God. Freedom is born here; in that submission to His authority, which in the fires of the Reformation, cried with Peter: “Whether it be right to hearken unto man, more than unto God, judge ye.” Man’s *felt* relations to God resulted in individual acts of resistance to religious tyranny; these paved the way for an admitted freedom of conscience; and this ultimately worked out an acknowledged right of entire independence, religious and civil. Liberty, a historian tells us, was regarded in Greece only “as something which the fortunate might win.” We have exchanged the low idea of accidental possession, for this elevated consciousness;—Freedom is a *right*.

The conception of Freedom has been modified by a second truth of Christianity,—the brotherhood of man. “God hath made of *one* blood, all the nations of the earth.” All are equally His servants—therefore no one is master or lord—but every man alike subject to God and independent of his fellow. Here is no contracted spirit of privilege; here, the birthright of Roman or Athenian citizenship gives way to a more liberal charter. Modern freedom is a *human* right.

Universal Liberty! yes, it is not the dream of an enthusiast, it is a prophets vision of the better day, yet to attempt to realize it now were worse than madness. The influence of a third great truth transforms this ideal into a practical freedom. To the Roman, liberty was the *end*, by the Christian, liberty is ranked a *means*, the grand means of human progress. If the end defines the means, every man would seem entitled to just so much of his natural liberty, as will conduce to his true advancement. More than this were license,—less, slavery. Thus the rights of men adjust themselves to their capacities. Modern Freedom is a *relative* right.

It would scarcely be an exaggeration to affirm that Ancient and Modern, or rather Pagan and Christian Liberty are as distinct from each other as Slavery and Liberty. The one was an accident—the

other is a principle; the one a privilege—the other a right; the one an end—the other a means; the one exemption from burdens, the birthright of citizenship—the other a free self-development, the right and duty of rational structure.

John Calvin and his doctrines, what bearing have they upon Liberty? Calvinism is the exact counterpart of our Modern Freedom, it is the mould in which it was cast, its thorough, searching doctrines must ever work with power, to break up the spirit of privilege, the spirit of the old Liberty, and to lay down deep in human right, the foundations of a liberal, lasting Freedom.

1. You will be less disposed to doubt that Calvinism smiles upon Liberty, when you have glanced at its frown upon slavery. Intellectual apathy, indolent and satisfied ignorance of truth and rights, insensibility to personal elevation,—in fine, indifference to all else, so long as physical wants are supplied: this, this is the parent and essence of Slavery. How does Calvinism comport with such a servile temper? Responsibility unlimited,—eternal fires,—election from all eternity to life or death. Cast these startling, terrible doctrines into this torpid soul, and you transform the sluggish slave into Macaulay's Puritan, who "caught a gleam of the Beatific vision, or woke screaming, from dreams of everlasting fire." Will this roused intellect long remain in satisfied ignorance of vital rights now? This earnest, fearless, conscientious spirit of inquiry, which searches out and vindicates these hidden and repulsive truths; will it fail to discern the palpable and palatable verity—that Freedom is a human right? Will not this man be unyielding in defence of the truth that gives him liberty, when he clings even to that which strips him of all rights and righteousness?

2. We said our Liberty was the child of the Reformation, and traced its origin to a deep recognition of the first great truth of Christianity, God is the *one* universal sovereign. Here, in the common subjection of men, is born their mutual independence. Calvinism is the intensest expression of the truth that God reigns. Human inability speaks it in the humble language of entire dependence. Unceasing responsibility groans under the ever present claims of God the Ruler. Election declares the absolute right of God the Owner. Eternal punishment utters the awful sentence of God the Judge. Thus Calvin's every doctrine conspires to educate in his disciple, such a sense of Jehovah's power and majesty, as extorts the unceasing cry, "The Lord, He is God!! The Lord, He is the King!!" Yet this very submission is the school of independence. The vision of the Calvinist is

ever straining to cross the immeasurable interval that separates God from man. Compared with this, in the language of another, "the difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind, seems to vanish." Man, the servant of God,—how is he the lord of his brother? The Calvinist sees men about him bowing to an earthly sovereign; he knows this sovereign is his fellow subject. Conscious of his allegiance and therefore of his independence, he vehemently cries—Freedom is my *right*. Man, the servant of God, cannot be the servant of his brother. It is written, "Ye cannot serve two masters." The history of Calvinistic Liberty is a sermon from that text. Scotland in the days of Knox is one of its eloquent passages; Plymouth Rock another.

3. We boasted the liberal charter of our Freedom. In distinction from the Liberty of privilege,—ours is a *human* right. Here too, Calvinism is its exact counterpart. By revealing the dignity of human nature, it spreads out the platform of human rights. It exalts God, but it elevates man with Him. The great Ruler is not lifted above all interest in His subjects. No! his creed assures the Calvinist, that God feels the liveliest concern in his future. We are told the Puritans felt "that the very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged,—a being who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity, which should continue, when heaven and earth, should have passed away." These men were Calvinists. It was this intense faith, that inspired them with such grand conceptions of the loftiness of man's structure and the glory of man's destiny,—with such veneration for the rights of human nature, and such contempt for the privileges of human station. What wonder that they called their king—"Charles Stuart!" This was, to them, his noblest title. This was the man in the naked grandeur of his structure, unbelittled by his earthly relationships. What wonder that such subjects tried and beheaded their faithless sovereign! What wonder that men of such a creed, throughout the world, have broken in pieces the sceptres and the swords of tyrants!

4. The third modification of Liberty, which we have noticed as the fruit of the Reformation, is perhaps the most important. Christianity, by introducing the conception of an ultimate good, has overthrown the idea, so universal among the ancients, and still so prevalent and mischievous, among the political enthusiasts of infidel Europe—that, *Liberty is the end*. Calvinism is the intensest expression of Christianity and all its wondrous fervor and power centers in this one idea,—the glory of God, in the development of man,—this, *this is the end*.

In the conception of the Calvinist therefore, Liberty will ever take its true relative position, as a *means*—the *right* to the free use of all our powers, involving the obligation to employ them, so as to secure our own highest development. The Liberty educated by Calvinism can never lack this regulating element of responsibility. The whole system breathes a spirit of moral obligation, whose depth and power is best measured by its overthrow of the doctrines arrayed against it. Absolute inability declares the absurdity of obligation. Innate depravity protests against the injustice of obligation. Predestination proves the uselessness of obligation. Yet notwithstanding all, there stands this uncomfortable doctrine of unabated responsibility, with all the terrors of eternal fire to enforce it,—abiding in the faith of the Calvinist, distinguishing him from the Arminian, and causing him from the cradle to the grave “to groan being burdened.” Can it be, that this man, who all life long has been learning the lesson of obligation, should, after all, fail to discover the first axiom of free agency,—that, a right of self-direction implies a duty of self-development; that the man who frees himself from the control of others, by this very act assumes the responsibility of self-control for self-improvement? No! Calvinistic Liberty is the Liberty we need, a safe, a practical Liberty; a Liberty that goes hand in hand with responsibility; a Liberty which aspires no higher, than to be a means of man’s progress, and therefore submits to be regulated with reference to its end.

5. We have advanced the argument based upon *principles*. Does any man question its validity? He will find ample confirmation of it in the *practical workings* of the system. Cast your eye over the map of Europe,—glance at the page of history,—you can not deny that, since the days of the Reformation, Calvinism and Liberty have everywhere advanced, hand in hand, to the conquest of the world. If there be no moral connection between them, how will you account for their actual concurrence?

6. But you are not left to conjecture; the free form of Calvinistic *church government* supplies just the connecting link of evidence and of influence. Here is evidence tangible, indisputable, that the frequent coexistence of Calvinism and Liberty is more than fortuitous. Here is an influence acting with all the energy and directness of positive institutions, to educate the desire and the ability for self-government. This popular form of church-government has proved itself a mighty engine of Liberty: despots have learned to tremble at its power. Look at the answer of King James, to the Puritan leaders, asking for the privilege of assemblies and freedom of discussion. With charac-

teristic bluntness, the shrewd old monarch interrupted their petition in the midst. "No" said he "I will have no assemblies. You are aiming at a Scot's presbytery, which agrees as well with monarchy as God with the Devil."

In view of what has been advanced, may we not enquire, with some degree of confidence,—who is he, that can seriously question, whether Calvinism be a true nursing-mother of Liberty?

Is the doubter a practical man—some eager, impetuous spirit, incredulous of the power of principles and impatient of the indirectness and slowness of their influence? To this man, we thus address the argument of fact. Calvinism favors the growth of Freedom, for—wherever it has been allowed freely to act out its tendencies, it has framed for the church and organized in the state, a government on the broad principles of republican equality.

To the philosophic historian, the man accustomed to analyze those subtle forces that effect changes in government and society,—we present the argument in this form. Calvinism favors the growth of Freedom, because,—by the startling intensity of its doctrines, it breaks up intellectual apathy :—by its peculiar exaltation of God as sovereign, it suggests vividly the common subjection of men, and their consequent mutual independence :—by elevating man with God, it inspires profound self-respect, veneration for the rights of human nature and contempt for the accidents of position :—by placing a solemn emphasis upon the appointed END of Freedom, it incorporates with Liberty the regulating element of responsibility. Thus Calvinism breaks up the essential condition of Slavery,—tears away the indispensable supports of tyranny,—inspires the soul with every essential element of Liberty,—and fortifies it, with all the checks necessary to its stability.

Yes! Calvinism is the nursing-mother of Liberty—our Liberty; a noble, manly, christian Freedom;—born of a recognition of God's sovereignty,—based upon consciousness of man's dignity,—and regulated with reference to man's progress.

## The Chapel Bell.

Hear the morning prayer bell !  
What a noise ! you might as well  
Catch a thunder clap and tell,  
How tremendously it crashes,  
How it bellows groans and dashes ;  
Just at daybreak when 'tis dark,  
When we slumber softly, sweetly,  
When we dream and fancy revels,  
And the soul is rapt completely,  
All at once a cracking startles, Hark !  
Like the roar of seven devils  
With bronchitis hoarse and raucous,  
Like the yelling at a caucus,  
Like explosions vast that knock us  
Half to pieces just to mock us  
With their power.

Half past five is just the hour  
When the bell is set a ringing,  
For a while it slams and thunders,  
With a fierce and fretful clamor,  
Like a Cyclops with his hammer,  
Forging bolts for Jove ;  
Then, how sweet ! There comes a pause,  
Possibly it is because  
It is one of Nature's laws,  
Which admits of no infraction,  
That repose must follow action,  
Then are closed the sleepy eyes,  
Stupid heads hug close the pillow.  
Do you read it with surprise,  
Wondering what can make a fellow  
Stick to sheets so like a dunce ?  
Just you come and try it once,  
Then you'll know. The deuce is in it,  
Risk a mark to sleep a minute.

Ease is transient, bliss delusion,  
Soon there comes a base intrusion.  
Now the "second bell" is ringing,  
And four hundred students springing  
Out of bed with bound gigantic,  
Roused to action fearful, frantic,

Snatch their clothes and pull and tear them—  
Strain them, any way to wear them,  
Splash of water, scratch of brush,  
Open door and make a rush,  
Towards the chapel run and scamper  
If it's rainy that's a damper—  
All the while the chapel bell  
Thunders out like Pluto's dwell-  
Ing bangs away and grows outrageous  
Till 'tis tired, and then turns over  
With a crazy slam and clangor,  
Like the thundering of a banger,  
"Tapping at your chamber door."  
Then it tolls, a fit conclusion  
Of the dire and blank confusion,  
Which it brought to many hearts.  
Many a dream of bright Elysium,  
Many a peaceful soothing vision,  
Left us as the fatal knell  
Of the ruthless chapel bell,  
Smote the ear and round us fell  
With its brazen tones.  
Hark! the bell is in a spasm,  
Rings not, tolls not,—almost dumb—  
Leaping an acoustic chasm  
Bang it goes—then comes a hum—  
Still the echoes sink and swell,  
Float away upon the air;  
And we listen to a prayer,  
While in high and lonely cell,  
Now in silence hangs the bell.

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### *The Class of Fifty-Nine.*

A Class has lately severed the bonds which have held them for the past four years to their Alma Mater. Hundreds of classes have done so before them. Like their predecessors, the Class of Fifty-nine will pass away and be forgotten, where so lately they and their doings have been the chief features of attraction and interest to their fellow-students, to New Haven Society, and to the many strangers that have flocked together to see the Senior Class at Yale. Nevertheless there

are few classes which can go through Yale without leaving some trace of their presence behind them. Some record, therefore, of each class as it leaves college, we presume, would be of interest to many,—a record of what each class is, of what it has done, and what it gives promise of doing in the world. With this object in view, some statistics of the Class of Fifty-nine in Yale, have been prepared, which we proceed to lay before our readers.

As it is "natural to suppose" the Class of Fifty-nine was once a Freshman class. Moreover it was the largest Freshman class that has ever entered an American college. When the "*Banner*" was published they numbered 157; when the catalogue appeared a few weeks later, the number had fallen to 154. The following table gives the annual movement of the class with regard to numbers and the States whence they hail:—

	Freshmen.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.	Graduates.
Connecticut,.....	40	83	31	29	30
Delaware,.....	0	1	1	1	1
Illinois,.....	2	2	0	0	0
Kentucky,.....	5	5	3	3	3
Louisiana,.....	0	1	1	1	1
Maine,.....	2	2	2	2	2
Maryland,.....	1	1	1	2	2
Massachusetts,.....	16	13	12	18	12
Mississippi,.....	4	3	0	0	0
Missouri,.....	1	2	2	2	2
New Hampshire,.....	4	3	3	2	2
New Jersey,.....	3	3	3	2	2
New York,.....	43	35	27	28	29
Ohio,.....	12	7	6	5	5
Pennsylvania,.....	15	12	10	9	9
Rhode Island,.....	1	0	0	0	0
Texas,.....	0	1	1	1	1
Vermont,.....	3	3	3	3	3
Wisconsin,.....	1	0	0	0	0
Canada,.....	1	1	1	1	1
Total,.....	154	128	107	104	105

Nine of the Northern and six of the Southern states are represented in the graduating class. From time to time there have been connected with the class 184 different persons. Of these 79 do not graduate with the class. Of the original 157, 82 have kept through the whole course and will graduate on Commencement day; 75 of the original members are either in other classes or have left college. Though only one-half of the original class are members of the graduating class, they nevertheless form four-fifths of it.

The Class of Fifty-nine has been a Linonian class. The majority for Linonia in the Freshman year was 7; in Sophomore year 14; in Junior year 15; and Senior year 15. As the campaign is waxing hot, we annex a list of Prizes and Honors taken in this class by the several Societies. Among the Honors are included the Valedictory, the office of Class Orator, and Class Poet, the Editorships of the Yale Literary Magazine, and the Presidencies of the literary societies.

	No. of Men.	No. of Prizes.	No. of Honors.	Yale Lit. Medal, (Class of '59.)
Linonia,.....	60	45	6	0
Brothers in Unity,.....	45	89	2	0
{ Psi Upsilon,.....	22	30	9	0
{ Alpha Delta Phi,.....	25	26	6	0
{ Delta Kappa Epsilon,.....	30	11	2	0
{ Delta Kappa,.....	34	28	10	0
{ Kappa Sigma Epsilon,.....	37	27	5	0
{ Gamma Nu,.....	9	21	2	0
{ Sigma Delta,.....	81	16	1	0

Fifty-nine had been in College but a few days before it manifested a disposition not to follow in the beaten track which custom prescribed. Having invited the delegates from the Class of '57 to leave the meetings which they held on the Foot-ball game, they proceeded upon their own responsibility to vote, by thirty-five majority, not to challenge the Class of '58. Having taken this step, unprecedented on the part of Freshmen, they immediately received the anathemas of the upper classes, while the newspapers of the country hailed their action as the dawn of civilization in the customs of American Colleges.

A few weeks later, we find some of the Fifty-nine men flying in the face of College opinion by founding a non-secret society,—a thing never dreamt of before in Yale. It was immediately dubbed A. S. S. and Gamma Nuisance. It, however, "still lives." Its founders have had the pleasure of seeing it remove itself from the "Old Philosophical Chamber" in the Athenæum, to comfortable quarters in Smith's building, and thence farther down Chapel street to a hall that becomes it still better.

The Class having so far shown no respect to college customs, they attempted to go a little farther, and show their independence of College authorities. About the middle of the second term, the death of a classmate occasioned a class-meeting, which was held at 9 A. M. As the meeting continued till half-past ten, the Class passed a resolution to the effect, that they would stay out of recitation that noon. A committee of five was sent with this resolution to the President. They came back, "*aga*." They recommended most earnestly, with fear and trembling, that the resolution should be changed to a petition,

which was accordingly done. The Burial of Euclid was only saved, in this Class, by the "skin of its teeth." The majority in its favor was five.

The exercises of the Biennial Jubilee were varied by the presentation of a cradle in behalf of the Class, to a former member, whom private circumstances had forced to leave. As he had already settled in business and matrimony, the gift was not only pleasing, but very "apropos."

The Poetical and Musical abilities of Fifty-nine are not higher than the average. They have some fine singers, and have written some good songs, but they have not characterized themselves in this line. During the Sophomore year of '59 the beautiful song that follows, was a general favorite :

"The vulture is a very fine bird  
And so is the pelican,  
But neither of these can at all compare  
To the love I bear  
To my Marianne, my Marianne, &c."

During Junior year this was varied by,

"We'll stem the storm,  
It won't be long,  
We'll anchor by and by."

It is rather strange that Fifty-nine has not distinguished itself more in boating. The Class possesses all the elements of a good boat-club. There have been but two boat-clubs in this class, the Thulia and the Nautilus. The members of the latter have long abided under the impression that their boat was a race boat. In fact, they have had quite serious intentions of entering two or three college races. Luckily, however, for the winning boats, the Nautilus never competed for a prize. The Thulia Club has taken two drill prizes. Both the Thulia and the Nautilus have been very useful to the ladies of New Haven, and there are, doubtless, many fair maidens who, notwithstanding the articles on "New Haven Society," will love to remember the boat rides given them by the Class of Fifty-nine. There are many fine and strong oarsmen in the Class however, who have not been connected with the Navy, and, indirectly, Fifty-nine has done considerable for the reputation and improvement of Yale boating. It was by the efforts of members of this class and '58, that the Volante was procured for the Yale Navy; and they have furnished a Commodore whose zeal and energy have been conspicuous in every thing connect-

ed with the Navy, but especially in procuring a boat-house, for which all succeeding classes will heartily thank him and the Class of Fifty-nine.

As these remarks, so far, have been rambling, it may be well for this article to confine the further consideration of the Class of Fifty-nine to their *physical, intellectual* and *moral* nature.

*Physically*, the Class is conspicuous; their average height is greater than that of most classes in these days of physical degeneracy among literary men. With regard to muscle, it is generally supposed that there is considerable in the Class; more perhaps in the estimation of the Class and individual members thereof, than is generally conceded to them. It is granted by all classes, we believe, that Fifty-nine has the strongest man in College. The outward appearance of the Class is more than ordinarily hirsute. Careful observations show that the number of faces upon which whiskers and beard can be discovered without the aid of the microscope is forty-one. An editor of the class of '57 gave the statistics in this respect for his class, two years ago, as forty-five. His investigations were probably very minute. In that case the palm can be awarded to '59. With regard to the color of their facial appurtenances, it might be wise to say nothing. But if the Class of '59 follows literary pursuits in after life, and its publications are as generally read, as its whiskers, they will exercise a prodigious influence over the destinies of mankind and the interests of humanity.

The lungs of the Class seem to be made of some substance that is as enduring as brass. This substance lines their throats also, and as for that matter, appears somewhat in their visages. The strength of their lungs is unfortunately known to themselves, and they make use of them accordingly. We have often felt inclined to say, in the words of one of their own number, to the Class of Fifty-nine,

“With all thy faults, we love thee STILL.”

*Intellectually*, the Class appears to be of the highest order. In Scholarship, the appointment list, at least, places them above every Class that has preceded them. The Class of '57 graduated with four Philosophicals, seven High Oration, thirteen Oration, and seventy-five appointments in all. '59 graduates with six Philosophicals, nine High Oration, fourteen Oration, and seventy-five appointments in the whole. In the appointments for Junior Exhibition they had four Philosophicals, thirteen High Oration, fifteen Oration, and sixty-nine appointments in all. The average mark of the Valedictorian is 3.54, (in

'57, 3.57); the lowest Philosophical 3.28; the highest and lowest of the High Orations 3.26 and 3.15, respectively; the Orations ranged between 3.14 and 2.98. The public exercises of this Class have evinced fine taste and much literary ability, particularly the Wooden Spoon Exhibition, the exercises of Presentation Day, and the speaking for the DeForest Medal. Waiving the unaccountable repugnance of this Class, in common with '58 and '56, to receiving that highest of Yalensian Honors, the Yale Lit. Medal, it has shown itself to be, in literary talent, one of the ablest classes that has ever passed through Yale.

We would not forget to mention that Yale owes the honor of taking the *first* Cambridge Mathematical Prize to '59, and also that this Class is the only one that has carried through successfully, for one year, the pecuniary department of the Yale Literary Magazine.

*Morally*, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Jesse Andrews, L. M. F. C. S. P. Y. C., the Class of Fifty-nine is incomparable. Mr. Jesse Andrews is a man who has been admitted daily, for the past year, to the very hearth-stones, so to speak, of the Class of Fifty-nine. Mr. Jesse Andrews has thus had countless opportunities of watching carefully the most secret actions of this Class, and thereby to form a calm judgment of their moral character. And how do they stand the test? It is sufficient to say that Mr. Jesse Andrews is delighted with them. His comparison of their morals with those of the Class of '58 can "better be imagined than described."

But, pleasantry aside, the Class of Fifty-nine has shown during its quadrennial at Yale, a moral courage in many of its actions which cannot pass unnoticed. There seems to have been an element in it that demanded reform where reform appeared necessary. And, whatever persons may think concerning the changes in College customs that the Class of Fifty-nine has worked, no one will deny that in whatever they have attempted they have in a great measure succeeded. Their influence will be felt long after their actions are forgotten. And this influence, we believe, will be for good.

Fifty-nine is not a very rich class. In this respect it is probably very near the average of the classes that enter Yale. The catalogue puts a student's necessary expenses, during one year at College, between \$215 and \$300. Now it may be possible for an extraordinarily economical student to live on \$300 per annum, provided he is not fined for throwing snow-balls; but it is far nearer the truth to say that a student's expenses per annum, are over \$500 on an average. There are probably more that spend \$1000, than that spend only

\$300, each year. As '59 has averaged 120 men in its whole course, its expenditures, according to the above estimate, have been two hundred and forty thousand dollars. A great part of this has probably gone to enrich the city of New Haven, whereby it has been enabled to improve the grass on the green, whence, by law, the students have been lately prohibited. [Dea. Pond states that the class owe him \$350, which he does not expect to receive.]

The following statistics concerning the professions, which the class will follow, have been obtained from the class, and are as nearly correct as they can be made at present. There are many who are ranked among the several professions, that are not firmly decided, and consequently there may be some changes. Much, also, will depend on future circumstances.

Lawyers.	Ministers.	Business Men.	Doctors.	Teachers.
31.	30.	15.	7.	6.

There are six in the class who will either be ministers or lawyers, one as likely as the other; of the remaining ten, some are not decided in their own minds, and of the rest we have been unable to learn any thing definite. Many in the class will teach for a short time, but six only have the intention of following teaching as a profession. There are four at least, who intend to become foreign missionaries.

Fifty-Nine has lost an unusual number by death. One member of the class has died each year; Howard Hart White, during the second term of Freshman year; Arthur Disbrow, at the close of the second term, Sophomore year; George Elliott Dunham, during the third term, Junior year; and Henry Judson Wheeler, at the commencement of Senior year.

As a class, '59 has mingled more with their fellow-students in other classes, than is usual. By this means, it seems to us, it has formed friendships and attachments in college which will be firm and lasting.

There is probably no one now in college, but what has some friend in the graduating class; many of us have friends to whom we have often looked for assistance and advice, and not in vain.

But the class of '59 is gone. Like all earthly unions, their connection with us that are left, is broken. Still we rejoice, that we have been enabled to form friendships, the memories of which will long linger in our minds. When, in after years, we shall revert to scenes in college life, we shall think of '59; when we relate our first impressions as we entered our Alma Mater, when we recount our contests and our pleasures, when we speak of the riots with the firemen and

many of the chief incidents in our college course, we shall tell of fifty-nine.

The parting exercises have only made us respect the class, and regret their departure, the more. We have listened to words of wisdom, eloquence and power, from the orator of their choice; we have seen their last gathering beneath the elms of Yale; we have looked in silence upon their manly forms bowed with grief at parting; we have heard the last cheers that they have rung out upon the evening air, in a last "Good bye" to the Alma Mater which they love.

As they leave us, let them feel that they are followed by the best wishes of the fellow-students whom they have left behind; let them know that '60, '61 and '62, join in bidding the Class of '59, an earnest, hearty "God-speed" in their journey through life.

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### *The Good in Inferiorty.*

It is a good thing that no power ever did

—— "the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

It is hard enough to bear the half revelations which a chance word, or at times a little close and sober reflection shows us. No one can know what miserable beings all of us would be could we only look through the mask of smiles and courtesy, down into the souls of others and see the true thoughts which lie hidden there, so different from the apparent ones. It is this pleasant ignorance which causes the somewhat ludicrous sight of men laughing at their own faults, when they shine forth in the persons of others—which forms the foundation of a "bore's" character, preventing him from ever feeling that his presence is not at all times indispensable; and this same blessed want of enlightenment enables one to write concerning inferiority, or in College parlance, "spoopsiness," without the fear of being called to account for personality.

There is a strange peculiarity to this subject, that very few ever have in their minds the same examples of "spoopsy" men, or would make the same division of a class by individuals into the good and bad. Not a man but has his friend who addresses him as one of the world's lights, and regards him in the heart as a fool, Notwithstand-

ing this diversity of opinion with respect to single cases, there is a perfect unanimity as to the marks which characterize what we are pleased to call the "spoopsy" element in College. All divide it naturally into the intellectual and social. Opposed to them are the aristocracy of the mind and the aristocracy of the heart—the only two distinctions which the good old democratic spirit in College allows. For here a man is generally known in his true light better than elsewhere. This is no home for hypocrisy. It is discovered almost surely, and that too before any long time elapses.

We hear many a wish expressed for a perfect class, free from a single dolt or a single unpleasant companion. To us this Utopian idea is anything but a pleasing one. The hope that four years spent with a hundred men all of the best stamp, would be replete with happiness, seems shadowy and vain enough. The old maxim "everything that is, is right" appears to hold true in this case. Men of inferior characters are needed to make a College life pleasant and profitable, and it requires but a moments thought to discern the reason.

They serve to increase the strength of College friendships. There is a very true proverb that "birds of a feather flock together," and to make firm intimacies it is necessary that this should be so. No one can be intimate with a whole class. Similarities in tastes, habits and characters, bring together a few men in closer bonds with each other than with the rest of College. And when, as is now the case, there are striking differences in mind and character, these circles of friends are formed earlier, and last longer unbroken and unaltered. Were the whole hundred men equally good, with none of the inferior element, a certain degree of familiarity would be given, first here, then there, at length to all, but perfect intimacy to none. That yearning which every one feels for a few particular friends would be unsatisfied, —that little corner of the heart left for one or two firm and constant intimates—not large enough for more—would be unfilled.

This has the effect indeed, of breaking a Class up into small cliques. Against everything of this character a strong and most unjust feeling seems to exist in College. It is right enough when a few men band together from selfish or political motives, when their hopes are not for enjoyment, but for petty honors and emoluments, but it is unjust, mean, and despicable when harbored against those whom kindred feelings have associated. No man has a right to blame another because he does not choose him as an intimate companion. Every one has the privilege of selecting his own friends, and if these are harmonious in

tastes, although they are few in number, it is better for him and for everyone else. Such cliquishness, if we may use the word, does not prevent men from having, toward a whole class, perfectly friendly feelings—does not tend to destroy class spirit, and certainly ought not to induce jealousies and dissensions. It does tend, however, to bring about noble and true friendships—the ideals of College friendship—and it is to these we will look back with pleasure long after we have left our home here. We will be proud indeed to remember our own class as having proved itself superior to the generality, but it is the memory of the few true and tried souls we found here—of the friends of like thoughts and tastes, and bound to us by no ordinary ties, that is to keep fresh and green in our hearts a love for the old college, and happy thoughts of a happy four years spent there.

It is not only necessary for a good class that there be a difference in social qualities, but a variety of intellect is needed also. One hundred men differing but little in their powers of mind would be an absolute evil in College. Some inferiority in this respect is wanted. The heart-burning jealousy, the deep enmities, and strong hatred which would result from such a union can hardly be overrated. Every man working for himself, not daring to give a helping hand to another in trouble, straining every nerve to gain a hundredth's advantage in stand, and looking on every success of others as a defeat for himself, would be a sight earnestly to be deprecated. Such a struggle would send out into the world men broken in constitution, soured in temper, and blackened in heart. The memory of College life would be a memory of four years constant strife, four years of suspicion and envy, four years of misery. The only bright spots would be the few successes which, after all, were despised, as soon as gained, and were outnumbered and counterbalanced by disappointments. Such a class might have a longer list of appointments and a larger line of prizes. That is not all the good we hope to gain and do now gain here. There's an education of the better feelings going on now that is no less valuable than the education of the mind. It is not a successful course which forms only learned misanthropes and envious, ill-tempered scholars.

In defending the tendency of men similar in character to form what are called cliques, and speaking of the value of inferiority to a College, we are far from defending the practice of incontinently "snubbing" such as are inferior, or of keeping them in that position by a course of ill-treatment which is too common and only too well adapted to this result. The manner in which some are treated by those who feel, often unwarrantably, their superiors, is contemptible and despicable.

If we have no wish to make a man our intimate associate, this affords no reason for treating him like a brute. Few come here utterly destitute of good qualities. By what we call "spoopsy" actions, and under uninviting exteriors are often concealed noble traits and great hearts. These are driven farther from sight, and sometimes crushed out by rudeness and incivility. Men here are too old to have their bad characteristics driven away and their good ones brought out by lashes. Gentler means—reason and kindness—are the ones which prevail now. The circle of those worthy of confidence would be larger, and many a heart, dark and gloomy now, would be lighted up with a few gleams at least of happiness, did these usurp the place of harsher methods now in use.

W. F.

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### Book Notices.

*The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.* Two volumes royal octavo. By BENSON J. LOSSING; Harper & Brother, 1859.

This work contains 1500 pages, and 1100 engravings, and is sold only by subscription. To attempt to describe or criticise a work so well-known, and so universally liked as this, would be futile. The typographical execution is "Harpers' best." The paper is good, and the type is clear. One peculiar feature of this book is the minuteness of detail with which every incident of the Revolutionary war is described. This makes it attractive to the inhabitants of all parts of the land, whose early history is connected with the war. But the grand feature of the work is its engravings. These are by the best artists and are the finest series of wood cuts published in this country. Almost every spot of Revolutionary interest is here faithfully delineated. Of peculiar interest to us at Yale, we would mention "The house of Benedict Arnold," "Savin Rock," "West Bridge," and the "Lighthouse." Every student should make an effort to obtain this work which will acquaint him thoroughly with the interesting incidents of our struggle for Independence. Mr. H. W. Siglar, of Yale College, has the agency of this work for New Haven County, and of him alone can it be obtained. Copies of this work can be seen at No. 91 North Middle College.

*The Life of John Milton:* narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical and literary History of his Time. With portraits and specimens of his handwriting. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., Professor of English literature in University College, London. Vol. 1st, 8vo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1859.

The object of this great work is well indicated by its title. The first volume gives the biography of Milton from the time of his birth 1608, to 1640, which includes the period of his education, and of his minor poems. It therefore gives the account of his ancestors and kindred, of his education at St. Paul's school and at Cambridge, of his choice of a literary life, of his studies, and of his journey to the continent. The work is all that the subject of the biography, and the reputation of the author would lead us to expect. It is full and minute; the first volume occupying 658 pages. It is nevertheless written in so vivid and pure a style, and filled with so many anecdotes and incidents, that it cannot fail to be of the highest interest to all who read it, especially to those who have delighted in the poems of the blind author of "Paradise Lost." It is a work, the want of which, now that we have it, we are surprised that we have not felt before in a greater degree. Every lover of literature will find this book indispensable. Every admirer of the great champion of Liberty and Reform, will find in this, his biography, a full and interesting history of the important events of the 17th century. Every student that wishes to possess the best means of obtaining a complete and impartial knowledge of the history, character, and sublime poetry of the "Homer of Christianity," will procure this invaluable work. A subscription list has been opened at 155 Divinity College, where this work can be seen and procured at any time.

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*The Art of Extempore Speaking.* By PROF. M. BAUTAIN. N. Y. 12mo., 1859.

Any book on this subject should especially commend itself to students. And this treatise is by far the best that we have seen on the subject. The author is an eloquent orator himself, and the work shows that he is a master of his subject. He is very methodical in the arrangement of his thoughts, which is especially needed in the treatment of a work like this. A chapter is devoted to "Rules of Order and Debate." In College, where a student has so many splendid opportunities of improving himself in extemporaneous speaking, this book will be particularly useful. We hope that it will wake up students to a sense of the advantages which they are losing by their neglect. For sale at 155 Divinity College.

*The Waverly Novels.* T. B. Peterson, 8vo. Phil. 1859.

It will be merely necessary to speak of the typographical execution of this edition of the works of the great English Novelist. Peterson is publishing this series, apparently, for the sake of affording the public the cheapest possible form in which these works can be published. He certainly has succeeded. Each novel is sold for twenty-five cents. The print is necessarily fine, but will not hurt good eyes. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phil.

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*To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage.* By RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. 12mo. 283 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A Book written in the liveliest style, replete with humor and instruction. One of the best means of recreation, after hard study, would be the perusal of this book. It describes, without the least cessation of lively interest, from beginning to end, a voyage to Cuba, and everything which a traveler can see in that "gem of the seas." Any one who has read "Two Years before the Mast," by the same author, will be eager to read this "Vacation Voyage." The publishers inform us that its sale so far has exceeded that of the popular work above mentioned. For sale at 155 Divinity College.

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*Poems.—The Wanderer, Clytemnestra and other Poems.* By OWEN MERRITT, 18 mo. 514 pp. Boston: 1859.

This is one of those beautiful little volumes bound in "blue and gold," by the celebrated Boston publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS. It is a collection of Poems, many of which are simple and touching; some have the mystery which is so characteristic of Tennyson's poetry, and some appear to have decided originality. The author, a son of Edward Bulwer Lytton, is still young, and gives promise of surpassing the father in literary ability. The work is for sale at 155 Divinity College.

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*Valedictory Poem and Oration, Class of 1859.*

No one who heard the exercises of Presentation Day will fail to obtain a copy of the Poem and Oration. The thought contained in these productions and the splendid style in which it is expressed, will richly repay perusal. We would suggest that a copy of these is as good an index of the literary ability of the students of Yale as can be found, and therefore it will be well to send copies to all friends that take an interest in the progress of Yale.

For sale at 155 Divinity College.

*The Atlantic Monthly*, for July.

This periodical comes to us again with its usual variety of matter. The articles on "Thomas Paine's second appearance in the United States," and on "Percival," are highly interesting. The "Minister's Wooing," and the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," are continued.

For sale at 155 Divinity College.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Freshman Prize Debate in the Society of the Brothers in Unity was held on the afternoon and evening of the 18th of May. The Question for discussion was, "Will our Republican Institutions be permanent?" The disputants spoke in the order of the numbers prefixed to their names:

### Affirmative.

2. Charles F. Bradley, *Roxbury Ct.*
3. Cornelius S. Kitchell, *Detroit, Mich.*
4. Horace Dutton, *Boston, Mass.*
5. James P. Blake, *New Haven, Ct.*
6. Henry P. Johnston, *Smyrna, Turkey.*
7. Edward B. Coe, *New York City.*
9. George C. Ripley, *Norwich, Ct.*
10. Chas. B. Sumner, *Southbridge, Mass.*
11. Richard Morse, *New York City.*
12. James H. Robinson, *Wakefield, R. I.*
13. Thomas B. Kirby, *New Haven, Ct.*
14. Marion F. Mulkey, *Benton Co. Oreg.*
15. James F. Brown, *N. Stonington, Ct.*
16. William W. Ball, *New York City.*
17. George E. Lounsbury, *Ridgefield, Ct.*

### Negative.

1. Daniel E. Hemenway, *Suffield, Ct.*
8. Henry S. Barnum, *Stratford, Ct.*
18. Frederic Adams, *Newark, N. J.*

The pieces were well-committed, and therefore better spoken than is usual in a Freshman Prize Debate. As a whole, it compared very favorably with the Freshman Prize Debate of last year. Concerning that of the year previous, our memory is too treacherous to permit us to make a comparison. The Umpires, Hon. Henry Dutton, LL.D., Lemuel S. Potwin, B. A., and Cyrus Northrop, B. A., made the following award of prizes, which was announced at 8 A.M. the next day.

*First Prize*—James P. Blake, and Edward B. Coe.

*Second Prize*—William W. Ball.

*Third Prize*—George C. Ripley.

The political Campaign this year has been in many respects interesting. On the 18th of May, a coalition between  $\Upsilon\Psi$  and  $\Delta K E$ , was announced to the college word. This was farther strengthened on the 16th, by the union of the

Freshman Societies, K Σ Ε and Δ Κ. This, of course, threw the rest of the Societies, as a general thing, into the ranks of the opposition. The coalition seemed at first quite formidable. But the inability of K Σ Ε and Δ Κ to divide the anticipated spoils of the Vice-Secretaryships, caused the former to leave the coalition. Soon after this occurrence, the Ψ Υ nominees of the coalition resigned their nominations. And, as on the evening of election, one of the Δ Κ Ε nominees resigned, it left, in fact, nothing but the "ghost of the coalition" for the opposition, to oppose.

The Elections were held on Wednesday evening, June 1st. The above-mentioned events of the campaign, had diminished considerably the excitement usually attending these occasions. There was but one regular nominee of the coalition, who was successful. The result of the election was as follows:—

## BROTHERS IN UNITY.

*President.*

Joseph L. Daniels.

*Vice-President.*

Robert S. Davis.

*Librarian.*

Daniel Hebard.

*Vice-Librarian.*

Robert H. Fitzhugh.

*Secretary.*

Tracy Peck.

*Vice-Secretary.*

Edward B. Coe.

*Collector.*

Henry W. Siglar.

*Censor.*

Lucius H. Higgins.

## LINONIA.

Lowndes H. Davis.

John F. Seely.

Henry E. Hall.

Peter Collier.

Charles T. Stanton.

Daniel H. Chamberlain.

John M. Morris.

At the succeeding meeting of the Societies, the election for orators at the Statement of Facts, resulted as follows:—

## BROTHERS IN UNITY.

*Senior Orator.*

William C. Johnston.

*Junior Orator.*

John E. Marshall.

## LINONIA.

Edward G. Holden.

John C. Tyler.

On Wednesday evening the 8th of June, the following Resolution was adopted by the Brothers' Society.

"Whereas the Society of the Brothers in Unity recognizes many evils in the present system of electioneering;

*Resolved*; that this Society is willing to enter into a compact with the Linonian Society upon the following conditions:—

1st.—That no member of the class of '68, (save those already joined), shall be permitted to join, or be entered upon the books of either Society, till after the Statement of Facts.

2nd.—That no member of either Society be allowed to bind or pledge, or attempt to bind or pledge in any manner, any member of the class of '63, till after the Statement of Facts.

3rd.—That the conditions of this compact be announced by the President of each Society, to the members of the class of '63, at the Statement of Facts."

This Resolution, having been presented to the Linonian Society the same evening, for their action, that Society made, in answer, the following Report to the Brothers in Unity.

"LINONIA HALL, June 15, 1859.

"The Linonian Society is sensible of the evils arising from the present system of electioneering, and is ready to enter upon a judicious reform. She has considered the proposition made by the Brothers in Unity, and is unwilling, rashly, and at this period of the campaign to attempt a complete revolution in a long established system. Besides the plan, itself, seems to have some defects, and to lack that degree of perfection which maturer deliberation might secure. Before the new system could be carefully remodeled, the campaign would be far advanced.

Further action, therefore, upon these propositions is postponed until the close of the present campaign, when the Linonian Society will take them up and act upon them in conjunction with the Brothers in Unity."

---

At a meeting held on the 11th of June, the class of '62 voted by a considerable majority, that they would have no "rush" at the Statement of Facts, next term.

---

The challenge for the Champion Flag, pending between the Olympia and Varuna boat clubs, raised quite an excitement among the boating men of Yale. It had been decided at a Navy Meeting last term, in case of races for the Champion Flag, the rules of the Navy should be absolute unless both parties were willing to enter upon some other agreement. In the present case, both Clubs agreed that no handicap should be given by the eight-oared to the six-oared boat. The race took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 8th of June. The Cymothoe, manned by the Nereid's crew, also entered the list. The boats started from the Pavillion and rowed around the stake boat, a distance of more than three miles. The water was very rough; the Varuna taking in much water. The time made was the following:

Varuna,	-	-	-	-	-	-	22 minutes, 6 seconds,
Olympia,	-	-	-	-	-	-	22 " 30 "
Cymothoe,	-	-	-	-	-	-	in sight.

Commodore Page then declared the Varuna the possessor of the Champion Flag. The crew of the winning boat were,

Henry Ward Camp,	Frederick Henry Colton,	Clarence Edward Dutton,
Horace Lewis Fairchild,	Henry Larned Johnson,	Charles Hunter Owen.

It may be well in this connection to publish a Song of the Varuna Club, written by Henry Champion, which has never been in print.

AIR.—“*Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.*”

O'er the glassy surface of the heaving bay  
Glides our light Varuna, fleet and gay,  
While with merry voices doth the harbor ring,  
Echoing the song we sing.  
And the bending oar-blades dash aside the foam,  
While with merry singing on we roam,  
And our hearts are joyful, free from toil and care,  
Speeding o'er the water there.

Chorus—On then, Varuna! On with the song,  
Swell out the chorus, loud and long,  
Victories attend her wheresoe'er she goes!  
Victories o'er all her foes.

When the golden sunlight gilds the azure sea,  
And the breeze is gentle, there are we;  
When the ruddy sunset lights the burning west,  
On the harbor's flame-tinged breast  
We are floating lightly in our gallant boat,  
Whilst our flags upon the breezes float,  
Care and toil forgotten, till beyond the West  
Slowly sinks the sun to rest.

Chorus—On then, Varuna, etc.

When the pleasant moonlight falls upon the deep,  
And the stars their nightly vigils keep,  
Then we cut the water with our graceful prow,—  
Riding o'er the wavelets low;  
And the phosphorescence gleams at every stroke,  
Where the dripping oars the waves have broke,  
As Varuna speedeth o'er the sea of light,  
Rising on the waves so bright.

Chorus—On then, Varuna, etc.

Speeding round the stake like swallow on the wing;  
With the echoes let the harbor ring!  
Three cheers for old Varuna! now, from every man,  
She, triumphant, leads the van.  
Raise on high the flag, then—Champion Flag of Yale—  
Spread the old blue bunting to the gale,—  
Floating o'er our bows this flag shall long appear;  
Hail! then, honored Pioneer!

Chorus—On then, Varuna! on with the song!  
Swell out the chorus loud and long!  
Victor over all our foes, never may she fail  
To hold the Champion Flag at Yale!

A Concert was given by the Beethoven Society of Yale College, in Brewster's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 9th, under the direction of Prof. J. G. Stöckel, assisted by Mr. Wehner. With the exception of two pieces on the piano and violin, by Messrs. Wehner and Stöckel, the Concert was wholly vocal. We are glad to see that this Society, under its present efficient managers, is re-attaining its former reputation for good singing. The Concert was eminently successful. Most of the pieces were repeated, at the demand of the audience. The choruses particularly were very fine and striking. In these the accompaniment on the piano was performed by George H. Griffin. We hope that the Beethoven Society will continue to improve and foster that spirit and enthusiasm in singing, for which Yale has always been noted.

The Concert of the Germania Serenade Band, given under the auspices of the Committee of the Wooden Spoon, on Monday evening, the 13th of June, at Brewster's Hall, gave complete satisfaction. This Band is fast superseding Dodworth's in the preferences of students at Yale.

The exercises of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition, of the Class of '60, took place on the evening of Tuesday, June 14th, at Brewster's Hall. The little hall was filled to overflowing long before 8 o'clock, the time for commencing the exercises. The programme (excepting the music) was the following:

Latin Salutatory.—Henry L. Johnson.

Colloquy.—“*Electioneering*.”

Oration.—“*Mathematics*,” Edwin S. Williams.

Colloquy.—“*Junior Exhibition*.”

Poem.—“*On Bugs*,” Charles H. Richards.

High Oration.—“*Contemplation of the Heavenly Bodies*,” Henry C. Eno.

Colloquy.—“*Applying for Admission*.”

Philosophical Oration.—“*Centrifugal Force*,” Samuel Dunham.

#### SPOON ADDRESSES.

Presentation, - - - - - Henry E. Hawley.

Reception, - - - - - Edward S. Holden.

The Colloquies were finely conceived and as finely executed. The first two were, as they should have been, satires on institutions in College, that need satirizing. The parts of the “Colloquy” on “Junior Exhibition,” in which the professors of rhetoric and elocution appeared, were splendidly acted and received universal applause. The “Oration” on “Mathematics” was finely delivered. The delivery of the “Poem” on “Bugs” was impaired, we are sorry to say, by weakness of voice, occasioned by previous singing, on the part of the speaker. The music, both instrumental and vocal, was the finest we have heard on any similar occasion. As a whole, we may say that the exhibition, if it did not surpass, at least compares favorably with any preceding exhibition. There is a tendency, however, to lengthen the exercises on all such occasions. We think that all the Colloquies might have been shortened without losing any of their merits.

The Spoon was made of rosewood, and of beautiful workmanship. On a little silver plate was the inscription “Presented to Edward G. Holden, by the Class of '60.” Upon the back the motto “Dum vivimus, vivamus,” was carved in the wood.

The speech of Henry E. Hawley, on presenting, and that of Edward G. Holden, on receiving the Spoon, manifested a genial spirit and a beauty of composition which were heightened by gracefulness of delivery.

A little after 11 o'clock, the crowded, but well-pleased audience, broke up and separated, all undoubtedly willing to join in the song,

"Ring the joyous chorus out,  
Hail the hour of merry rout  
Louder swell the glorious tune,  
Hail, all hail, the Wooden Spoon."

Wednesday the 15th of June was Presentation day. It is the day of the year that is impressed with greatest distinctness upon the minds of all students, especially students of the graduating class. This year, the day was, as far as the weather was concerned, all that could have been wished. At 10 o'clock A. M., the Class of '59 was presented by Tutor Chapin to the President. The Class Poem was delivered by George W. Fisher; the Class Valedictory Oration by Edward Carington. The Oration is spoken of in high terms of approval by all. The Class undoubtedly feel honored in their Orator. His subject was "First Principles in the State."

A Parting Ode, written by Edward C. Sheffield, and sung by members of the Class, concluded the exercises of the morning. In the afternoon the Class assembled in the usual place, in front of the Lyceum and South Middle, to hold their parting exercises. The Class Historians were Charles H. Boardman, Edward T. Fairbanks, Charles L. Norton, and William A. Stiles. The history of the fourth division by the last named gentleman was especially amusing and interesting. At the close of the reading of the histories, the Class arranged themselves in a circle. Around this the members went in close succession, shook hands with each classmate, and bade them all a long "good bye." The scene was unusually affecting.

At the close of the "Good bye," the Class marched in procession to the Library, and there planted the ivy. They then formed a semi-circle in front of each College building and gave three cheers, after which exercises the Class separated—never more to be gathered again as a Class upon the "classic grounds of Yale."

It becomes our painful duty to record the fact, that during the quiet and affecting scenes of Presentation afternoon, the Freshman class, wishing that some notice should be taken of their change from Freshman simplicity to Sophomoric impudence, arrayed themselves in "beavers," "plugs," and "fine soiled linen," and marched in procession down College street, and up the College grounds to the tune of "Phi, Ai, Ai!—No Evening Prayers." The noise which they made disturbed, in no small degree, the class itself, and also the numerous spectators who were interested in the performances. We think the language of the Latin Salutatorian at the the Wooden Spoon none too strong to express the condition of these men. "*O exigui et imbecilli et sordidi et pannoni et obscuro, et ignoti et timidi et tremebundi et tenues et egentes Freshmanes!*" We are, however, inclined to lay the fault to their ignorance, and hope, that in future they will behave themselves, "in season and out of season."

The following prizes were announced by the President, at the close of the morning exercises, on Presentation day :—

CLARK PREMIUMS FOR SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS IN PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY.

CLASS OF 1859.

1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Arthur W. Wright.	George W. Jones.	John H. Hewitt.

COLLEGE PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

CLASS OF 1861.

1st Prize.—	{ S. E. Baldwin. H. S. Brown.	J. L. Hartmar.	{ E. R. Sill. J. C. Tyler.
	1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
2d Prize.	R. L. Chamberlain.	{ R. H. Fitzhugh. W. H. Goodale.	{ J. L. Shipley. T. S. Wynkoop.
3d Prize.	P. Collier.	{ A. Hemenway. A. Higgins.	{ S. Shearer. R. O. Williams.

WOOLSEY SCHOLARSHIP.

CLASS OF 1862.

John B. Taylor.

SECOND IN RANK.

John W. Alling.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
W. W. Johnson.	H. B. Waterman.	{ W. P. Ketcham. G. L. Woodhull.

It may not be generally known that the "*Mathematical Monthly*," published at Cambridge, offers a set of Prize Problems, every month, to all students in America. To the authors of the two best Solutions prizes are given. We are happy to state, that of the last Prizes which were announced in the "*Monthly*," the First Prize was awarded to ARTHUR WILLIAMS WRIGHT, of Yale College. This is the first time, we believe, that any New England College has taken any of these Prizes. This time they have taken both, Harvard taking the second. Yale, as usual, is ahead.

The "rowteen" of College life has brought around again that most silly (though it may be the most harmless) of College institutions—the Freshman Pow-wow. An attempt was made this year, of which the readers of the "*Lit*" have been already partially informed, to modify materially this time-honored (?) institution. The attempt was laughed down in College, as almost all changes (whether for the better or the worse) have been, and will be, especially if they originate in the Freshman class. The motions were voted down in the class of '62 by a heavy majority. As the object of a Pow-wow is to afford amusement and recreation to those engaged in it, if the Class of '62 are so constituted as to

find the greatest pleasure and recreation in a Pow-wow, as at present carried on, they have done right in having such a Pow-wow. It is to be hoped, however, that a class will appear soon, whose tastes will be of a little higher order; who will feel more pleasure in the exercises of some exhibition like "Wooden Spoon," than in blowing fish-horns vociferously all night long, in applause of some pun that stands out in bold relief amid the surrounding sterility of a comrade's speech; who will find more recreation in some jubilee, than in carrying heavy transparencies, from 10 at night till 2 in the morning, around the streets of New Haven; whose feelings will be sufficiently refined to prefer the company of ladies and gentlemen at Brewster's Hall, to that of beings in the shape of imps in Pandemonium. But we are transgressing the bounds of "Memorabilia." We can only say, "*Nil de gustibus disputandum.*"

This Pow-wow of the Class of '62 took place on Wednesday evening, the 15th of June. Gathered on the State House steps, as usual, were the members of the class that rejoices in putting off its Freshmanhood. Below a motley crowd, with a few ladies in the distance, constituted the audience. The music was furnished by the Germania Serenade Band, of Boston. We are glad to say, that in the exercises there was nothing that savored of vulgarity, profanity, or obscenity. The programme was better than ordinary. Among the "subjects" and "speakers" were

SALUTE-A-TORY.....By a Big-W(h)ig.  
Poem, "Pipes,".....By a Broken Reed.  
Stump Speech.....By a Wood-be DeForest.  
Expect-Oration.....By one who chews-es.

The speakers, with two exceptions, did well; some very finely. The burden of their speeches was, "the Class of '61." They acquitted themselves pretty well of the load. A strong class feeling seemed to prevail throughout all their exercises, which contrasted very favorably with that of the preceding class, where the society-antipathy, that manifested itself on the programme, on their transparencies, and in their speeches, not only spoiled the harmony and good feeling of classmates, but (whether the Gamma Nu men or the Secret Societies were at fault), was a disgrace to the Class. Early Thursday morning the Pow-wow-ians formed a procession, and marched to the music of the Germania Band, from Boston, and tin horns from New Haven, to all the boarding schools of the city of Elms.

They then dispersed, having, as it is to be sincerely hoped, obtained, in their chosen way, much amusement and recreation.

---

The Senior appointments were handed, early Thursday morning, to a few anxious Seniors, who were up in sufficient time to receive them.

VALEDICTORY.

EUGENE SMITH.

SALUTATORY.

C. H. Gross.

## PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

H. Watkins.                      H. D. Catlin.                      E. Schuyler.                      E. Carrington.

## HIGH ORATIONS.

{ W. H. Rice.	A. B. Wood.	J. H. Cooper.	S. D. Faulkner.
{ A. W. Wright.	T. B. Dwight.	W. A. Stiles.	A. H. Wilcox.
	G. O. Fay.		

## ORATIONS.

R. A. Stiles,	W. H. Anderson,	H. G. Newton,	R. J. Carpenter,
J. H. Hewitt,	George W. Jones,	H. Winn,	S. D. Page,
L. H. Bristol,	T. B. Lounsbury,	W. P. Freeman,	B. N. Harrison.
	S. S. Hartwell,		
	G. P. Welles.		

## DISSERTATIONS.

T. C. Brainerd,	G. F. Vose,	C. C. Carpenter,
C. H. Robertson,	J. M. Hubbard,	H. Brodhead.

## FIRST DISPUTES.

R. S. White,	J. O. Slay,	{ E. S. Beard,	{ J. T. Tatum,
{ G. H. Coffey,	E. F. Howe,	{ A. Comstock,	{ A. J. Taylor,
{ P. V. Daniel,	E. B. Allis,	{ E. K. Sheldon.	

## SECOND DISPUTES.

J. J. Hough,	{ W. B. Darrach,	C. B. Slingluff,	{ G. Clay,
C. N. Lyman.	{ T. A. Post,	{ J. C. Holley,	{ J. L. Cole,
J. S. Weinberger,	{ W. R. Hall,	{ R. McMurrie,	E. C. Sheffield,
A. A. Sprague,	{ T. B. Wells,	{ E. H. Jewett.	

## FIRST COLLOQUIES.

J. Faulkner,	C. H. Hatch,	P. H. Burt,	N. B. Cooke,
F. Ansart,	J. B. Rector,	H. Upson.	

## SECOND COLLOQUIES.

T. McDonald,	H. S. Breed,	T. E. Ruggles,	E. B. Beardsley.
E. T. Fairbanks,	C. Easton,	C. M. Wheeler.	

On Monday, the 6th of June, during a session of the Senior Biennial, the Townsend Premiums were announced to the successful competitors. On Friday, the 17th of June, the six persons who had obtained these premiums contended for the De Forest Gold Medal. The order of the speakers was as follows:—

1. John Calvin, and the influence of his doctrines upon Civil Liberty,  
TRUMAN AUGUSTUS POST, St. Louis, Mo.
2. John Calvin, and the influence of his doctrines upon Civil Liberty,  
LOUIS HENRY BRISTOL, New Haven, Ct.
3. The Legend of Faust,  
THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY, Ovid, N. Y.
4. John Calvin, and the influence of his doctrines upon Civil Liberty,  
ROBERT AUGUSTUS STILES, Woodford Co., Ky.
5. The Passage of the Reform Bill through the British Parliament,  
JOSEPH HOPKINS TWICHELL, Plantsville, Ct.

6. John Calvin, and the influence of his doctrines upon Civil Liberty,

EDWARD CARRINGTON, Colebrook, Ct.

The faculty having judged the fourth piece on the above list, to have been in the mean "the best piece spoken, and the best spoken piece," the DeForest Gold Medal was awarded to

ROBERT AUGUSTUS STILES, of Woodford Co., Ky.

The challenge given by the Yale Chess Club, to the Chess Clubs of Brown University, some time since, to play a game by correspondence, was accepted, with the provision, however, that it be played by Telegraph. This with several minor conditions was considered by the Yalensians as a virtual refusal of the challenge, and was treated accordingly. Whereupon ensued a war of words in the Providence papers, which has ended in nothing. Williams and Amherst are to have a Chess contest, in addition to their Foot-Ball match, this summer. Yale must be wide-awake, if it is to have a share in the Chess honors of the College arena.

There are several Regattas for the Fourth of July, in contemplation just now; one at Middletown, one at New London, and one possibly though strange to say, at New Haven. In all these, the Yale Navy will probably have representatives. If they have the success that they met with last summer at New London, it will be worth their while to enter the lists in large numbers. There is nothing new pertaining to Navy matters, at present, except that a race has been spoken of between the Varuna barge and the Wenona, which on account of the want of practice of the latter's crew, will probably have to be given up.

### Editor's Table.

The four weeks that have passed since the last issue of the Lit. have been unusually replete with excitements. The societies that struggled so heroically in the last campaign, have subsided; some have fought the renowned fight, and have come to the ridiculous, though fatal, end of the Kilkenney cats. But now the elections, the initiations, the suppers, are over, and all is quiet. Presentation day has brought around again its pleasures, its excitements, its sorrows. The statistics of '59, intended for the table, have been thought worthy the dignity of an article. The average age of the class, and the number of "letters home," we have not been able to obtain.

While we are speaking of "letters home" we would state that of the editorial fraternity there are three on the "second course of discipline," and one on the first. It is undoubtedly the large experience which this "discipline" affords that has, in the eyes of their Class, made them especially fit to become "knights of the quill" and to "preside over the destinies of Maga."

The benefit and value of a "letter home" depends now upon the individual who chances to be your division officer. For instance, of the specimens which

the editorial board have on hand at present, some are beautiful instances of the height to which improvement in calligraphy can be carried by human hands—others are not only almost useless, on account of their illegibility but, in case they are deciphered, positively harmful, from their violation of the rules of orthography.

The Seniors are now busily engaged in writing autographs, exchanging pictures, and procuring their class books. These, by the way, are in magnificent binding. Specimens of the style can be seen at the College bookstore, whose "gentlemanly proprietor" is the agent for the class.

The Juniors, among other things, are studying French. They may be divided into those that know something about French, and those that do not. These latter *a b c* Frenchmen are, however, progressing. One of them, the other day, wishing to display his knowledge of foreign languages, asked a lady, with whom he was peregrinating, if she would like his "*bras*." "*Brass!*" says she, "I've had enough of your impudence already, sir." The lady has gone to swell the ranks of the "opposition" in New Haven society. The young man is extremely sorry that the lady did not know French. We would, however, remind him, that as "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," so beginners will be blunderers. We once heard a Frenchman, a distant relative of the man who was "disgusted at the news of his father's death," tell a young lady that "his feelings were severely *blessed* by her conduct." (Vid. *bless*er, Boy. Dict.)

The Sophomores are manifesting the usual symptoms of dread at the impending Biennial. They are varying the monotony of "Biennials are a bore," by the equally doleful cry,

"What can't be cured  
Must be endured. Uhuhugh."

If it would be of any use, at this late day, we would remind them that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" but since the time when this class was requested to pay more attention to "study hours," this proverb only serves to aggravate the miseries of the unfortunate.

The Freshmen are being initiated into the "art of composition." Having received, from the Professor of English literature, the following subject, to exercise their youthful minds, viz: "The North American Indians; an account of the probable concatenation of fortuitous events that threw them, on the shores of this wide spreading continent, &c., &c," they evidently "laid themselves."

One of their number introduced his composition by the following extract from the author of the "King of the Cannibal Islands," or Shakspeare—

"Old John Brown had a little Indian,  
Old John Brown had a little Indian,  
Old John Brown had a little Indian,  
One little Indian boy.

"One little, two little, three little Indian,  
Four little, five little, six little Indian,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indian,  
Ten little Indian Boys."

Having hereby announced the division of his subject into ten (little) heads, he proceeded to discuss it, to the entire satisfaction of all who heard him. The next Freshman announced his subject in a little different style. Rising with a calm and dignified manner, speaking in a tone clear and sonorous, he asked, "When is brown bread inhabited?" The tutor looked blank. The Freshmen opened their mouths, and turned their ears to catch the episode. The reader looked heroic, as he further proceeded: "When it has a *little Indian* in it." All drew a long breath. The exercises proceeded with no further developments on the origin of the Indian race.

While we are on the subject of Freshmen, we take the opportunity of saying, that by apologizing, in a perfectly satisfactory manner, for their unintentional interruption of the Presentation exercises, they have shown themselves honorable and gentlemanly. But we have been, nevertheless, called upon, in an indirect manner, by the teachers in one of the boarding schools, to reprove them for their "outrageous and impudent" behavior under the windows of said boarding school, during the small hours of Pow-wow night. We are sorry to receive such accounts from '62, but we must remember that "boys will be boys."

The Editorial Fraternity take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of tickets to the Strawberry Festival of the Wooster Place Church. As we entered the crowded apartments,

Beauties to right of us,  
Beauties to left of us,  
Beauties in front of us,  
Giggled and laughed.

Otherwise, everything went merry as a marriage bell. In one of these festivals, however, a sight was seen which, though not so merry, still gave greater promise of a future marriage bell. A beautiful "strawberry girl, clothed in ringlets and a blue dress," who seemed to have fainted, through excess of excitement, leaned upon him who was by her side; but as he was known of old as a "champion of the unprotected," all fears for her safety were banished.

We have two remarks to make. 1st That if an editor is to express his opinions on matters and things in College, it is best to express his *own* opinions. 2d. That if editors cannot dig "the root of all evil" out of their fellow students, to make room for the roots of the Yale Lit. to thrive in their affections, they must, in the benevolence of their hearts, dig it out of New Haven society, by means of advertisements. If any Yalensian has fault to find with either of these propositions, let him write an article on the subject, for which we will be most thankful. And though our actions may not meet with public favor, we could heartily wish that we had a "window" (Mr. Printer, don't you leave out that n) "in our editorial breast," through which the good intentions of our editorial heart could be fully discerned: but since we have, as Charles Lamb\* would say, something which far more resembles a pane in another part of our editorial corpus, we must let this be our apology for the fact that no more pains have been taken with this number of the "Lit."

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\* A brother Editor on the mention of a "window in the breast," always says something about a "pane in the stomach." We are, therefore, in some doubt whether he "skinned" it from Charles Lamb or Charles Lamb from him. We acquit ourselves of all plagiarism.

# THE YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

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CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1858. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

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\* \* Contributors are requested to forward their articles *through the Post Office*. Please inclose the name in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is used. No article can be published unless accompanied by a responsible name. Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," NEW HAVEN, CONN.